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est standard. He has three portraits in this exhibition, of which one can be called successful in the higher qualities. It is of a red-bearded business man in business dress. The color is quite strong and true, the likeness is admirable, the pose and air are characteristic, and the interpretation is not derogatory to the subject. Moreover, the man stands not "in vacuo," but has some air about him to breathe.

Douglass Volk has charmed everybody here with his portrait of a young lady, entitled "In the Studio, Miss H.," and his picture of the little girl-baby with hood and banged hair, fast asleep with upturned nose in the arms of her nurse, whose black hands only are seen encircling the little one's neck. The sweet natural color of the skin in these two pictures, the delicate, unobtrusive gradations in tints by which the solid relief is obtained, and the general tone of the flesh so "tender and true," make Douglass one of the lions of the exhibition. George W. Maynard has also made a good impression with his two portraits, one representing Mr. F. D. Millet, of this city, as correspondent of The London News in the Balkans, and the other a young lady playing the banjo. Both evidence a power to see things from their best artistic point of view, and to execute cleanly. To make a grand historical painting out of Mr. Millet and his travelling "toys" was a clear "tour de force," but it is a great success. Other works of New York painters that attract admiring attention are Miss Oakley's "Mother and Child," with its glorious mediæval color and bad drawing; Mr. William Sartain's study head in chocolate chiaroscuro, and Mr. Will H. Low's rather too spiritual and unsubstantial "Boy Calling Home the Cows." Mr. Arthur Quartley, Mr. Geo. Inness, Jr., Miss Helena De Kay, Mr. W. M. Chase, Mr. Frank Currier, and some others, are also represented.

One thing that always excites interest is the work of the Art Museum school here. Mr. Grundmann, the head instructor of the painting class, exhibits a neatly-executed portrait of a lady redolent of his elevated, serious, refined, conservative views of painting and art in general—a very wholesome tone for the teacher of youth who can pick up "slap" and "dash" enough elsewhere and need to learn that sure drawing and clear color must be at the bottom of any slap-dash that is to be tolerable. One of the pupils of the school, Miss S. G. Putnam, shows a portrait of herself which, though a bit timid, has the truthful air and sincere unconventional color so charming in the pictures of Mr. Volk, mentioned above. Another pupil, Mr. E. J. Russell, of St. Louis, essays a bold life-size figure of a lady in walking costume full of plucky painting if not a success as a whole. Other new-comers who make a good appearance are Miss Jane E. Bartlett, with some strong heads, bold and masculine in untormented color and confident handling, and W. W. Churchill, Jr., who, after a single year with Bonnat, sends home a three-quarters-length portrait which is imposing enough to pass at first glance for the work of an old hand, and bears scrutiny very well. It has the black shadows and "coal-hole" background of his master to perfection. Mrs. Phebe Jenks, who has had a popular success in painting portraits of children with stuffed-stocking legs and kid-glove hands, at last vindicates herself with a live boy straddling the arm of a great chair, a boy unmistakably muscle and life from head to heels.

The landscape art in the exhibition is distinctly relegated to the second place in interest amid this sudden development of strength in dealing with the figure. Nevertheless, what there is of it is of high quality. Foxcroft Cole, J. B. Johnston, and J. Appleton illustrate the best modern French school with able works. Mr. Enneking has one of his favorite autumn twilight subjects, in which a multitude of gray tree trunks and their interweaving bare branches against a golden after-glow are painted with marvellous fidelity and skill in the strange no-light of an hour after sundown. Mr. Charles H. Miller's similar twilight near by looks turgidly theatrical and tawdrily false compared with such earnest and powerful work from nature.

The statuary department is not large, but more than makes up for lack of quantity by great excellence. St. Gauden's Wolsey is here, and is in itself a liberal education in art. Warner's bust of Miss Maud Morgan and that of Sidney Lanier are also in this choice company and the wonderful works of the boy sculptor, Paul Bartlett, son of the Boston sculptor, Bartlett, who has his colossal torso of Oakes Ames here. The talented D. C. French, of Concord, is also among the contributors. One of the interesting pieces is a little statuette of

a tiger eating a fowl—interesting not for any perceptible great merit, but because it is the work of Pierre Millet, the brother of Jean François, the great French painter, whose life has just been told in such moving terms by Sensier, and translated in Scribner's Monthly to the intense gratification of all lovers of the great Millet's delicious pictures. It would astonish you to learn what Pierre Millet tells us here about this good Sensier, who has wrung tears from us with his sympathetic narrative of Millet's struggles and sufferings. To hear the brother of Millet talk, this Sensier was one of the very picture-sharks who kept the peasant painter on the rack of debt while rolling up a fortune for himself out of the starving genius. Sensier is now dead, but it may be worth while to tell his story some day.

GRETA.

The Print Collector.

MR. CHARLES VOLKMAR'S ETCHINGS.

SINCE his return to his native land, after fourteen years' residence in Europe, Mr. Volkmar has been so identified with his ceramic achievements that one is apt to forget what good work he has done as a painter. As for his etchings, we suppose that they are comparatively unknown in the United States, although they have been frequently accepted at the Salon, and have won for him the praises of the Parisian critics. He was a pupil of Barye and of Harpignies, a prodigy with the needle. Landscape and cattle, in which Mr. Volkmar has made his reputation as a painter in oils and of Limoges faience, supply the motives for the portfolio full of his etchings open before us. There is a peculiar charm about his work which it is not easy to analyze. It is less, perhaps, in the virility of his style—the confident string so suggestive of Harpignies—as in the poetical sentiment with which he invests every subject he portrays.

"On the Seine near Paris" (Salon of 1879) presents a peasant watering his horses. "Cadzow Forest, Scotland" (Salon of 1879), shows a hillside, with browsing sheep; "Forest of Fontainebleau" (Salon of 1879), a bend in a country road, with horses hitched before a cart tandem wise, halting while the driver converses with a man and woman who are passing; "Blasted Oak, near Vichy" (Salon of 1875), a powerful tree study, with the accessories of a picturesque landscape; "The Ford" (Salon of 1875), a composition full of light and atmosphere, shows in the middle distance a heavily-laden wagon drawn by a double team of oxen crossing a stream. We have space to notice but one of the smaller plates, and that is a gem. It is called "A Quiet Spot," the etching being from Mr. Volkmar's painting of that name in the Paris Exposition of 1878. There is a little bovine party of three on the edge of a stream. An old cow, knee-deep in the water, is lowing vigorously, while her companions, seated on the ground, are contemplatively chewing the cud. Mr. Volkmar's latest etching, which is to be a premium for THE ART AMATEUR, is described on our editorial page.

ETCHINGS IN "L'ART."

THOSE persons who become subscribers to "L'Art" solely for the sake of possessing the etchings given in that sumptuous publication—and there must be many such among print collectors in this country—will hardly complain that they have not their money's worth in the new quarterly volume, a copy of which we have just received from Mr. J. W. Bouton, the New York agent.

Among the fifteen plates, none probably will be popularly so acceptable as Adolph Lalauze's superb etching of "Une Halte," after Meissonier's painting, with the subject of which our readers are already familiar through Professor Camille Piton's drawing on the front page of our November issue. Excellent as that is, we must admit that it looks thin and shadowy beside the copper-plate before us, which, with its rich tones and well-bitten lines, leaves nothing to be desired. This painting of Meissonier, by the way, dated 1876, according to "L'Art" was in the Salon of 1880, which somewhat puzzles us, for we find no mention of it in the catalogue, nor the name of the artist among the exhibitors.

Sarah Bernhardt's picture, "La Jeune Fille et La Mort," illustrated in our last issue, and now on exhibition in New York among her paintings and sculpture at Sarony's Art Gallery, is strongly etched by

Gaucherel. It is a curious production, and not without merit; but how it came to be admitted to the Salon would be a mystery were it not known that the famous actress has powerful friends in Parisian art circles.

"Sons of the Brave," after P. R. Morris's painting in the Royal Academy, is well etched by Charles O. Murray. The picture represents the orphan boys of British soldiers marching out in full uniform from the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, with colors flying and band playing, for parade. The composition is excellent. In the immediate foreground of the picture a drummer boy runs ahead to clear the way for the procession. His hand is placed firmly but kindly on the shoulder of a little street girl who is trundling a hoop, and he is evidently telling her to "move on." Behind, reaching away to the door from which the boys are emerging, is a crowd of widowed mothers all in the conventional costume of woe, which is more generally worn in England than in this country. Some are alone, and some accompanied by other children, and each watches anxiously to see her soldier lad as he passes in the ranks. The picture is nicely balanced on the left by a widow standing in profile near a pillar on the top step, holding the hand of a little girl in Charity School costume. The sudden blast of the trumpets has scared from their roost a flock of doves; whose graceful flight, suggesting good omen for the orphan lads, lends additional charm to a most effective and touching composition.

No less striking, but in quite another vein, is Luminais' Salon painting, "Les Enervés de Jumièges," superbly etched by Gaujean. The rebellious sons of Clovis, hamstrung and powerless, propped by soft cushions and covered with princely drapery which seems to mock their misery, float down the Seine on the raft which must have served as their bier but for the kind fortune that drifted it to Jumièges, where they were rescued and well cared for by the good monks of that place. In the picture, however, there is nothing to indicate that help is at hand. The scene presented is one of utter desolation. It is difficult to conceive of a more satisfactory etching. With almost every technical difficulty to contend with in water, sky, drapery, and textures, nothing is slurred. If Gaujean should never again use the needle, he might safely rest his reputation on the technical of this remarkable plate.

J. Benwell Clark contributes a generally strong but not altogether satisfactory etching of three nude figures, entitled "Pallas, Juno, and Venus," after a painting by J. F. Watts, R.A.

Lalauze, always an admirable interpreter of Bonnat, gives a striking etching of that famous artist's Salon portrait of President Grévy.

The present volume contains but one important plate by a "peintre graveur," and that is not by a Frenchman, but by the Royal Academician, R. W. Macbeth, a well-known etcher of marked ability. He has done nothing that we have seen superior to the work before us, "Landing Sardines at Low Tide," which is after his painting in the Grosvenor Gallery this year. The poise of the French fishwife in the foreground is excellent, as is also that of the stooping woman in the middle distance. The fleecy clouds are well sketched in, and the swell of the waves in the receding tide is admirably managed.

The other original etching is a very strong study from life called "Le Charpentier," by Paul Renouard.

American talent is recognized in a fine etching by Charles E. Wilson of Mark Fisher's charming "Coast Pastures," exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery this year. The feature of the picture is a flock of sheep picturesquely grouped. Mr. Fisher is one of many of our artists who have had to go abroad to find appreciation of the talents which their own countrymen could not recognize in their work. He has been very successful in England, where his paintings are much admired.

Edmond Yon contributes a brilliant etching of "Le Matin," Camille Bernier's charming landscape in the Salon this year, a work worthy of a more detailed notice; Monziès has a picturesque portrait of the artist Ulysse Butin sketching on the sea-shore, after the Salon painting by E. A. Duez; Greux has an interesting etching of the Salle des Pregati, in the Doge's Palace, Venice; M^{me}. C. Cholét-Moutet contributes a plate of Caraud's pretty Salon picture, "Les Deux Amies"—a young woman caressing a kitten; Louis Lucas interprets Fragonard's "L'Etude," in the Louvre; and the list of the etchings of the volume is completed with Boulard's "Battle of Moscow," after Bellangé's painting in the late San Donato collection.